LAUNCHING THE MARRIAGE SHIP

BY ZOE BECKLEY

Even above the organ strains, the excited congrutulations, the kisses and tears of mother and the rest, there kept weaving through Connie Dule's mind like some oft-heard melody, the last line of the fairy tale: "And so they were married and lived happily ever after." Connie was tired of the summers of

things, the familiar, the expected. Cer-tainly, the little ivy-clad church of Momerville was familiar enough. And the people-old friends-issuing from it into the sparkling June sunlight of the Wisconsin town that was home to Connie, were familiar, too. But now it was the very familiarity of everything that made it ineffably previous to her. Connie wanted not a jot of the picture changed, not a petal of its beauty out of

(how smart Fred looked in his wedding ctothes), they would live "happily ever after." Fred loved her. She loved Fred. Who wouldn't love Fred, know ing him as she knew him! Only 23 and already being promoted to the New York agency of the Gypsy Motor Company. Handsome and wholesome and clean. Hadn't President Owens himself clean. Hadn't President Owens himself said, "That boy's face sells more cars for us than two men's talk" as he ordered Fred directly from the Racine office to New York?

What else was needed to complete the prophecy but life itself? Counie married were schoolmates. Her own parents were proudly happy in her marriage. And there was Captain Dale, who knew men and women as he knew the bridges of the great passenger liners he had commanded until his recent retirement. Anything Captain Dale ap-

to their own smart little "Gypsy"-"The then along the road to happiness and cord. fortupe at it was now taking them on "See that?" Fred laughed, kissing their honeymoon. Uncle Dale came up his wife and resuming the wheel. The car that leaves you free! Recommow, regarding the little black, red and

may the weather be no stormier than need be to put rest and courage into

the voyage."

Mutiny Hint Seen.

Connie iaughed happly.

"Oh, we're not going to be at sea.
Uncle Sid. It's to be love in a cottage."

"How bout a snappy little kichenette apartment?" grinned Fred, starting the

l'ncle Dale smie. "All my life I've dreamed of a white colonial cottage with solid green shutters with little trees cut into their tops, and white ruffly curtains, and pink rambler roses

"And an electric elevator to take you "I my no, Mr. Frederick Collier Dale

Why I'd sconer try to live in a bureau

cut in laughingly, "You aren't launched

ule fiercely, to the delight of their as-sembled world. "And now, giddap, Gypsy, get a wiggle on. G'by, folks,

hauling a traffer in which rode the making of a little camp, hit the high read. "Oh, don't drive too fast, Fredouth, this road's bumpy!" Fred was too crammed with joy to re

pard the warnings. "Here we are in show form, off to new territory, dead sold to each other, satisfaction guaran-"Heavens, Freddie, you talk as it trarriage was a selling campaign."

of ours is going to help me sell a lot of Gypsys! You know what selling autosince one-half of me is you, and since you're the neatest and sweetest and pretties and amartest wifelet in auto-

Connie pondered. "You're footing, of course, dear. Bu if I thought you meant our house to be sort of annex to your salesrooms

"Arrow (colar) indicates snot to be he stage whispered. "Quick.

will Business Rob Her?

Connie of what Fred had said



IT WAS A SWEET DREAM REAL

him or her or it to my castle and introduce them to my wife?" "Mm-no. Only-after a hard day's

her bridesmalds as they fluttered about Connie ventured, volcing another of her; saw it in the confident smiles of her her cherished concention. work, I imagine you'd want to forget

"Want to forget Gypsy! Not much Fred's uncle, beaming approval. Dule I don't. Because you and Gyp are was a huge, grizzled veteran of the seas, going to be mighty good pals, you know. Let me show you how little she is jealous of you!"

Fixing the wheel with a little trick he knew, he took both hands off it proved of was sure to come out all right.

Connie and Fred had managed to leasness. With a squeal of mock work their way through the loving mob on smoothly, straight as a die, in the middle of the road, even taking Car That Takes to the Raid"—a present the middle of the road, even taking from the firm, the cur that would take a slight bend neatly of her own ac-

nicked craft with approbation shining from his joily, tanned face. He leaned in through the window.

"Good luck to the marriage ship!" he whispered huskily, with a shade of in general. And Connie loved Fred's in general. And Connie loved Fred's enthusiasm for the car. It was the stuff of which success is made—this concentration of thought dreams and thing, and that thing a man's life

promise of the beauty shead of them the Cypsys were not so rapidly become at which Connie felt herself speeching the favorite with a certain type of less with adoration—Fred's comment

"Pretty as a Gypsy straight from the works, isn't it!"

And Connie wished he had

and with outspread arms took in Gypsy, shining with washing and care after the trip to the lake where

Outside the tent proper was the the lake in the pastel colors of a wisely she put them off. mild aunset. Hinged about them the

Fred in khaki camp togu, fresh on his boyish face, easily knickers and shirt and high laced boots her red-brown hair brushed smoothly

till you see the home I'll fix for you in New York. This is all right—as a camp. And look at Gypsy, Lor' love her, acting as half the outfit-ward robe, stove, emergency bed-room-say

smiled, a little put out at the inevitable way Fred's mind ran off with Gypsy at

this is our home—our very first home, dearest, made with our own hands

the hands and putting them to his lips

kissing backs and paims and fingers They could pose for an ad" The hands stopped his lips,

anything but this first home of oursthis dear first roof over our heads,

chest and spuinted around the place. ling You can see Broadway from the But it isnt a patch on what we're go jungle. And you sure can hear it

Always that thought. Fred's eager mind was pulling over toward his shin-ing goal, impatient of delay, any tol-erating what all the world knows is

hungry for the city tonight, are you?"

"No, sweet. What a funny question."
Connie Lost In Whirl.
Connie's tiny cloud at the way Fred's thoughts of home turned ever toward New York soon passed, drowned out by the big methopolis itself when the Dales arrived in their Gypsy two weeks later. For hours they drove about the gradually intensifying city before they reached its heart, Automobile Row, where the Gypsy salesrooms and Fred's

offices were located.

Members of the selling force who had been notified by President Owens of the Dales' coming, had prepared every thing but a home for them. The right hotel had ben found, dates for the firs few evenings' entertainment made and even several apartment prospects hunt

"Be interested in us," ran the company's siogan, "and we'll return th compliment."

It gave Connie a thrill of pride, therefore, in Fred and his employers, when with their arrival at the New York alesrooms the major part of the selling taff turned out for them.

Fred, flery with pleasurable emnen at a time, and in turn introduced his blushing bride. For the next few days Connie was in

n excited whirl. Their room on the ighteenth floor of a marvelous hotel the exciting hunt for an apartmentdecided-the heavenly theaters and atter theatre dancing and jazz: the thrilling whirl and clangor of life in the heart of New York: the giant shops; the seeing the town rides on bus tops; peer ing into second story windows as they jiggled along by the lovely Hudson's rim: the salesmen friends of Fred's with htelr sauve sophistication; all stirred Connie into a state of mental chaos. She was living at too breathless a pace to

form any judgements us yet.

When she dd find unything that made her uneasy she sensibly dismissed her misgivings, telling herself everyhing was in so temporary a state that

It was not till the following Monday Fred's work would begin, and this was only another phase of their honeymoon. their camp five days earlier than they had planned to put them the sooner in

few days before actual work starts, ch. Prettiness?" he argued. And Connie could not deny the worthiness of the

If there were anything to worry abou she told herself as she lay in her linen-sheeted little twin bed in that tall hotel, she could find it in her heart to wish

There was something about the car that appealed to the guy, the newly moneyed, the sporting, theatrical ex-

ing coached by a Gypsy Motor Compa ny bulletins to "Show your customers cell a Gypay!"

for Fred Locates A He On Saturday afternoon Fred

ustling with excitement. "Get your things on quick,

rouldn't tell her anything till she mw t. But she knew from his excitement did not like what he thought so won

"Home, ch?" bragged Fred, "Wait they went through. Was it to be the noisy, over-dressed neighborhood with a crowded city, with not one distinctive touch to show one's own home windows from a hundred thousan

was Cleopatra Court. Before its set-in entrances stood four or five machines, gay with color and metal trimmings. and gold, liveried doormen, telephone perators, elevator runners; stone jarr of pulms, ornate electroliers, tapestried

Nothing's too good for my girl.'
How could she find words to tell im this was not good enough? A

They were whisked to the floor and the superintendent flung and the nook outside the kitchenet window to hold the garbage pail. "Look at that view, Con, old dar-

ing to have when we hit the hig town.

Listen to those horns—the voice of a hig city, singing, ch, what, dear: And There it was again—the big city.

He snapped on electric lights, pulled open closets, gazed in rapture at the shower in the bathroom, the glass is towel-racks, the "built-in" soup dishes the one perfect season of bliss on the excess of mirrors.

carth, the honeymoon.

Connie regarded it al

For the first time Connie felt a cloud set smile. Before it



CITY TONIGHT ARE YOU?"

pickering here I'm going to make good certain sort of home, was it such an and the money will come. How do you awful thing to compromise with dreams—especially when he needed to be in the thick of things, in the city, among

or of her fist quarrel with Fred-a fatal one, perhaps—could near Connie keep the heartache out of her eyes. First Quarrel Looms. Fred stared in alarm at the tears

connies eyes. "Why, my dearest, what is it. Don't you like this place?"

The surprised disappointment in his voice was so evident Connie felt the superntendent must hear it. "Yes, yes that is, I couldn't we talk it over at the hotel?" she stammered miserably.

Fred looked puzzled. "Suppose I give you our answer to-

Fred writhed under the sting. Like

able! Why, I thought you'd be crazy about it."

You thought: If you'd have know what I've dreamed of as a home come. I want a little house with a gar-den and—oh, you knew it, you knew

ruptly there issued a human bird of paradist, a goregous, over-dressed man diffusing a heady perfume. She



scarcely saw Connie with handkerchief pressed to her trembling lips, but was juite pleasantly aware of Fred. There was but a glance from her eye and the elevator swallowed her and the foolish-looking, contly doglet under Connie and Fred Row. As the ornate lady entered the cle ator there broke from poor Connie a muffled cry. Panic, hatred, outrage, alamity and despair spoke in that single sound. All sorts of sensibilities, some of them so deeply hidden that she

were being lacerated. And by Fred's "And you want me to live in this this swint place," she gasped, "with people like that. Connie flicked her hand in the direction of the commet.ck-

berself was unaware of their existence

She suddenly broke off, whirled and sped down the steps again. Fred was badly frightened. The faster he pursued her the more desperately she dunged shead to escape. Reaching the sidewalk, as she was about to run heaven knows where, caught her arm and fairly dragged her

nto their car.

From the desperate come and go of er breath Fred knew she was on the verge of hysteria. He drove home with waned-and his anger waxed.

How absurd it was of Connie, how

ferate, to behave in such a way. Connie's sentimental dream of a white lips; he had been known for a "hick" liere he was, giving his every thought colonial cottage had to be postponed with his country bride. He led Connie to his work, his future, their home—all for her.

> the thick of things, in the city, among the paced the floor, tearing her hand-people with money, who knew how to kerchief to ahreds, starting at every live? hotel like bits of wreckage drawn into maelstrom. Connie flung from her

the light scarf she were and mank into chair by the open window, her lips torking as she tried to bite back up-

"Oh, what is the matter with you!" he shouted, his own nerves breaking

into whose loving heart a knife had been thrust.

"Oh, nothing, Fred. I have been run over—amashed, crushed into the dust of the wallet."

Fred had the small townsman's fear of the big city's opinion. He reached tor his wallet.

"How much?" he asked, but glanced into the dust of the road, that's all. Dust—that's what I am to your samething on which to walk to your career.

"If you're paying a deposit," she said on an in-caught breath, "there is nothing to wait for or to talk over. Why waste time? Sign the leafe and let's have done."

Fred writhed waste in a waste time? Sign the leafe and let's that setles me—"

"Connie—you're talking rot, signals."

ver desperate thing he had resolved of

ing recklessly across the stream of traf-fic her husband? A gray shark of a car almost devoured him. Another lurched ideways to avoid a sideswipe. Fred seemed oblivious. A surge of

destrians blocked his path. He plung

gain-quietly. Even if the end of every

range things thoughtfully, recover what they could from the wreck, instead of plunging blindly into-what? Fred was probably at the salesmon now, consoling himself with Gypsy, the attenticient concern of his life. telephone—she would show him how to keep cool under catastrophe. Perhaps if he showed a spark of the old feeling

for her they might make another try at what a few hours before had seemed She called up the Gypsy salesrooms She waited an interminable time. A

oler, "whaddyer want?" "I'd like to speak to Mr. Dala, on Saturday afternoon.

T'hey's no one here, Call up Mon

Connie slowly replaced the receive Then she took it up again and called



"I'LL BE HAPPY WITH YOU ANY

else left to ask. She knew not an address, not a human being in all New

heart one raging bruise.

Stunned and furious, aching frightened, convinced that the w

mattered not where he was going only to be moving, as an ofset to the frenzy

Connie were the kind of girl who

ost any extreme. Perhaps at that very oment she was contemplating some

xplained how the theatrical and sporting set in Cleopatra Court was just the the set that bought Gypsys; how the ed the apartment house for that very

eason; perhaps she would listen. meant more to him than the selling of a few cars. He turned back to the hotel, but was soon confused and obviously wasting time in finding the straightest

Broadway and Thirty-fourth street. Fred hailed a passing taxi. The thing seemed to crawl. He urged more speed.

snarled the driver. "We'd land with the police if I drove like you want me to." "Cut the talk and hurry."

"Pol ce headquarters are on your wire sir. Better hurry."

He lunged in, his eyes prepared for North Texas is the small gr death and the end of everything.

From the telephone a disheveled far-From the telephone a disheveled far-considerable use on all up-to-date in ure turned its face to him, ghastly in Texas. Loads of five to seven

a cry, they were clinging together, shaken, incredulous, feeling the whole

to press her to him as tightly as he longed. Connie burst into wild tours of

"Oh, don't Fred-don't feel sorry for me. I don't deserve pity, or your loving words, or—or anything. I'm a pig. I'm —oh, Fred, if you hadn't come when you did, I'd—I'd have—died!"

Fred put back the hair from her wet face and kinsing her tenderly, murmur-

torture yourself over. I love you—you know it, don't you? I wouldn't touch that apartment if they gave me the whole house for nothing."

She pressed her face hard to his.
"I—I telephoned there, asking for you," she told him brokenty, her speech shaken with after-the-storm sobs. You werent there—but I tald them—we'd take the—the apartment. It's ours,

He held her a little away from him, as something inexpress bly miraculous and precious.

and precious.

"You didn't! Why, my darling, you know I don't want you to be anywhere you won't be happy and—"

"I'll be happy—with yolu—anywhere.
"The rest doesn't matter."

She hid her face against his coat. A sweet calm enveloped them.

"Listen dear," Fred said softly "we're going out into the suburbs tomorrow morning and find us a little white colonial cottage with shutters just like you want.

York to whom she could turn for help. That could turn for help. That could there if Fred did not return soon, she could think but one think. Men did commit desperate acts in just such circumstances.

Her lips and throat were parched. The lips and throat were parched. The lips and throat were parched. The parched to shreds, starting at every sound in the outer halls.

The tension was growing unhearable. What did people do when they needed help desperately? The police? No—she couldn't appeal to them.

Why not? Anything but this annihilating suspense. She loked at her watch. Three hours since Fred had gone! Connic sprang to the telephone, and with every nerve a quiver, subbed a call for police headquarters.

Fred Meditates on Marriage.

Fred Meditates on Marriage.

Fred Meditates on Marriage.

Fred stalked out of the hotel, his heart one raging bruise.

Stunned and furious, aching and frightened, convinced that the work.

within.

He was giad to find himself ultimately on the river front, where few were passing, and none intruded on his tumbled thoughts.

His future and hers lay with the great city and its ways and she grossly furious that it took her from her small town ways and dreams!

The apartment he had found he feit to be ideal—near the Gypsy salesrooms.

Cleopatra Court. The excitoment of buildings was a merciful opining furnishings was a merciful opining furnishings was a merciful opining for the ache in Counte's heart over the ache in Counte's

in the midst of everything, in the same came to have an appear of the house with a least six prospective buyers of Gypsys, as Cunningham, the head mleaman, had already bold him.

And Connie thinking only of her cottage and her curtains, her garden and low skillfully investion tage and her curtains, her garden and how skillfully investion are taged to be said to be combined the chain.

Then why hadn't she sense enough to One day she went with him, bound to see his development and success lay some shopping. As the clevator sto among the haunts of men? Did she think he could earn enough to sat'sfy her needs by sticking in the mud of Homerville?

Perhaps selfishness was too harsh a name for it. Foolish, headstrong were more suitable words. Con couldn't be really selfish. But headstrong and ten-

er contemplated. She acted.

Fred glanced at his watch. He had "Her? Don't you know? Why. Hanna Fuller, the cut's whispera that time anyth ng could develop in a bond salesmen. Cosh, she knows and Wall Ike I know me tobacce and Wall Ike I know me tobacce. Funny part of it is how she the play! You'd never know her.

> Simultaneouly to the Dales came lady" they had encountered

real admiration, "Two in one, B and pleasure. Day and Night. And got tion that very evening. He and Considered just finishing dinner served

"This is Hanna Puller," said a lete is selling the Gypsy car. I'm interested Will you ask him to come down an have a few minutes talk with me?"

inwardly and leapest for the stairs.

Succest Reconciliation Comes.

It was with thumping heart Fred the war, figures show. There a managed to reach his floor and room.

15,000 tractors in Texas at Fred the war, figures show. There are so white and tremulous. Cunnie stored are hauled A popular practice is to use through misted eyes at the man at il tractors and in some instances the grain by attaching them to wheat to speak. Then, with a sob and ers or hauling a train of wagons ful

three-fifths of what he sees and one